

9 20
DOUGLAS:

A
TRAGEDY.

1200
W. O. H.
W. L. F. G. H.
V. R.

Written by Mr. Home.

TAKEN FROM THE MANAGER'S BOOK
AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.



London:
Printed for W. CAVELL, Middle Row, Holborn.

1798.



1607/2991.

PROLOGUE.

IN ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth *alarms*,
A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame.
Who has not heard of gallant Piercy's name?
Ay, and of Douglas?—Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
From age to age bright shone the British fire;
And ev'ry hero was a hero's fire.
When pow'rful Fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the phoenix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst these gen'rous rivals fought and fell,
These great opponents lov'd each other well!
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate; in honour all was done.
When Piercy wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the Douglas with his Scottish spears;
And when proud Douglas made his king his foe,
For Douglas Piercy bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tow'r.—
This night a Douglas your protection claims:
A wife, a mother; Pity's softest names:
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs,—a tear.
In confidence she begs, and hopes to find
Each English breast, like noble Piercy's, kind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Randolph - - - - - *Mr. Clarke*
Glenalvon - - - - - *Mr. Whitfield*
Norval (Douglas) - - - - - *Mr. Johnston*
Old Norval - - - - - *Mr. Murray*
Officer - - - - - *Mr. Thompson.*

WOMEN.

Lady Randolph - - - - - *Mrs. Pope*
Anna - - - - - *Miss Mansel.*



DOUGLAS:

A TRAGEDY.

ACT. I.

SCENE, The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.

Enter Lady Randolph.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell a while: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who, from the chiding stream or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st
My lamentation: hear 'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost,
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O disregard me not: tho' I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Bury'd, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord;
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Rand. Again these weeds of woe! Say, dost
thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou

Bestow'ft thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady Rand. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn;
Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord Rand. Time, that wears out the trace of deepest
anguish,

Has past o'er thee in vain.

Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment;

For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear

That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady Rand. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:

Implacable resentment was their crime,

And grievous has the expiation been.

Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives

Of either house were lost; my ancestors

Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat

On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them

No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,

I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord Rand. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.

I never ask'd of thee that ardent love

Which in the breasts of Fancy's children burns

Decent affection and complaisant kindness

Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.

Hence, with the less regret my eyes behold

The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:

If I should perish by the Danish sword,

Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not think for woful as I am,

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.

But whither go'st thou now?

Lord Rand. Straight to the camp,

Where ev'ry warrior on the tip toe stands

Of expectation, and impatient asks

Each who arrives, if he is come to tell

The Danes are landed.

Lady Rand. O, may adverse winds

Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet!

And ev'ry soldier of both hosts return

In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord Rand. Thou speakest a woman's; hear a warri-
or's wish:—

Right from their native land, the stormy north,

May



DOUGLAS.

May the wind blow, till ev'ry keel is fix'd
 Immoveable in Caledonia's strand;
 Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.—
 Lady, farewell; I leave thee not alone;
 Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [Exit.]

Enter Anna.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love.
 Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts,
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
 And lose in sadness.

Lady Rand. So to lose my hours
 Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state;
 But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
 Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
 What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
 In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady Rand. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
 And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
 Forgive me, lady: humble tho' I am,
 The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
 So fervently I love you, that to dry
 These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Rand. What pow'r directed thy unconscious
 tongue
 To speak as thou hast done? to name——

Anna. I know not:
 But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
 I will speak to no more, but silent mix
 My tears with hers.

Lady Rand. No, thou shalt not be silent.
 I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be
 Henceforth th'instructed partner of my woes.
 But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
 Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
 Compel the earth and ocean to give up
 Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady Rand. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows
 been?——

If I in early youth had lost an husband? —
 In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd;
 Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth;
 And in some cavern of the ocean lies
 My child and his. —

Anna. O! lady, most rever'd!
 The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
 Deign to unfold.

Lady Rand. Alas! an ancient feud,
 Hereditary evil was the source
 Of my misfortunes. Ruling Fate decreed,
 That my brave brother should in battle save
 The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe;
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend,
 Impatient Douglas to Balarino came,
 Under a borrow'd name. — My heart he gain'd;
 Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
 My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
 Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
 Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
 To fight his father's battles; and with him,
 In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
 Scarce were they gone, when my stern fire was told
 That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son;
 Frantic with rage, the Baron drew his sword
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fast'ning I took
 An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
 Wed one of Douglas' name. — Sincerity,
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
 Thy onward path! altho' the earth should gape,
 And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
 To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
 Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady Rand. The first truth
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn
 This precious moral, from my tragic tale. —
 In a few days the dreadful tidings came,
 That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
 My lord! my life! my husband! — Mighty Heav'n!
 What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest lady! many a tale of tears

DOUGLAS.

I've listened to ; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady Rand. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself——
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father ? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm in the battle fell :
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confidant I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house ;
But nurse nor infant have I ever seen
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

Anna. Not seen nor heard of ! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Rand. No.—It was dark December ; wind and
rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road ; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
Nor has despiteful fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms ;
And Randolph now possesses the domains
That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd ;
Domains that should to Douglas' son have giv'n
A Baron's title and a Baron's pow'r.
O ! had I dy'd when my lov'd husband fell !
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke when I beheld the sum
Of ills which, one by one, I have endur'd.

Anna. That Pow'r, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.
But we must leave this theme :—Glenalvon comes :
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Rand. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir ?

Lady

Lady Rand. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind.

An artificial image of himself;

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different men its features.

Yet he is brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:

Stay and detain him till I reach the castle. *[Exit]*

Anna. O Happiness! where art thou to be found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd;

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with Virtue dwell.

Else had this gentle lady mis'd thee not.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer

On earth thou stand'st; thy thoughts ascend to heav'n.

Anna. Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,

To have my doubts by heav'nly vision clear'd!

Glen. What dost thou doubt of? what hast thou to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,

Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts,

And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,

Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?

But I must follow; this revolving day

Awakes the mem'ry of her ancient woes. *[Exit.]*

Glen. So!—Lady Randolph shuns me! By and by

I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.

The deed's a-doing now, that makes me lord

Of these rich vallies, and a chief of pow'r.

The season is most apt: my sounding steps

Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long; his better fate

Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:

When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,

Rescu'd, and had the lady for his labour;

I reap'd unknown; a slender consolation!

Heav'n is my witness that I do not love

To sow in peril, and let others reap

The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe!

By

DOUGLAS.

H

By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
 Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
 And she hath threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
 The way of woman's will I do not know;
 But well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
 I will not live in fear: he is the man
 Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire:
 No bar but he; he has no kinsman near;
 No brother in his sister's quarrel bold:
 And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
 I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE, A Court, &c.

Stranger within. Oh Mercy! Mercy!

Enter Servants and a Stranger at one Door, and Lady Randolph and Anna at another.

Lady Randolph.

WHAT means this clamour? Stranger, speak
 secure.

Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men pre-
 sum'd

To vex the weary trav'ler on his way?

1st Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong.

This man, with outcry wild, has call'd us forth!

So sore afraid, he cannot speak his fears!

Enter Lord Randolph and Norval with their swords drawn, and bloody.

Lady Rand. Not vain the stranger's fears! How fares
 my lord?

Lord Rand. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
 youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!—

As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,

At the cross way four arm'd men attack'd me:

Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,

Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,

Had not this brave and gen'rous stranger come,

Like

Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
 And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
 They turn'd upon him ; but his active arm
 Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
 The fiercest two ; the others fled again,
 And left him master of the bloody field.—
 Speak, Lady Randolph ; upon Beauty's tongue
 Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
 Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady, Rand. My lord, I cannot speak what I now
 feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n
 And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
 To you and yours, deliberated not,
 Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
 Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
 Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank ?
 Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life ?

Lord Rand. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not.
 But I must know who my deliv'rer is. [*To the stranger.*]

Norw. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
 Who nought can boast but his desire to be
 A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Rand. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
 By the great King of kings ! Thou art ordain'd
 And stamp'd a hero by the sov'reign hand
 Of Nature ! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
 As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norw. My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks : a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home ;
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord :
 And Heav'n soon granted what my fire deny'd.
 This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasten'd to my friends ;

Whom,

Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's flock, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps;—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I past these tow'rs,
 And, Heav'n directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Rand. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
 With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
 My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish king,
 Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.—
 Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady Rand. I cannot say: for various affections,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
 Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety;
 Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own,
 Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death
 Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
 In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
 And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
 Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
 He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected while you spoke,
 And bless'd the wender working hand of Heav'n.

Lord Rand. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!
 My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.

Next to myself and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
In speech and manners; never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence; yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Rand. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou
shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Rand. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply. [To Norval.]

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'er tops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train, I see, are speeding thither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

Lord Rand. [To Lady Randolph.] About the time that
the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest: my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
He in the eye of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joys that never may return.

[Exeunt Lord Randolph and Norval.]

Lady Rand. His parting words have struck a fatal
truth.

O Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heav'n annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness!

Anna. May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of
peace Into

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Rand. One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow,
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am! alas! why am I so?
At ev'ry happy parent I repine!
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born;
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy;
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers,—
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus refuse
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady Rand. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
I thought, that, had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape:
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger wand'ring from his home;
And, like an orphan cast upon my care,
I will protect thee (said I to myself)
With all my pow'r, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure Heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
You must, my noble dame, exert your pow'r:
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady Rand. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will
work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not: I only can.
Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

Lady Rand. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the
base——

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,
With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
If they lurk there, alive they shall be ta'en,
And torture force from them th'important secret,
Whether some foe of Randolph's hir'd their swords,
Or if——

Lady Rand. That care becomes a kinsman's love.
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [*Exit Anna.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady Rand. I have not found it so: thou'rt known
to me.

Glen. Known!

Lady Rand. And most certain is my case of know-
ledge.

Glen. What do you know? By Heav'n
You much amaze me! No created being,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a
merit

Of thy pretended meekness thus to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Has hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than that,
An ontcast beggar and unpity'd too!
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of woman-kind!
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpity'd cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still;
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath against the fanning wind.

Lady Rand. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
To

To love's apology I listen not.
 Mark thou my words, for it is meet thou shouldst.
 His brave deliv'rer Randolph here retains—
 Perhaps his presence may not please thee well;
 But at thy peril, practise aught against him;
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
 And loosen the good root he has in Randolph,
 Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.
 Thou look'st at me as if thou fain wouldst pry
 Into my heart: 'tis open as my speech.
 I give this early caution, and put on
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
 The friendless stranger my protection claims:
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [Exit.

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!
 I am not what I have been; what I should be.
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
 In holy legends and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above,
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means?
 Th'imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;
 And the intended murder introduc'd
 A favourite to hide the sun from me;
 And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!
 This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him!
 'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands me,
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity?
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
 More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
 Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires.—
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
 Like the red moon, when rising in the east,
 Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
 I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
 And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
 I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
 Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Court, &c. as before.**Enter Anna.*

THY vassals, Grief, great Nature's order break,
 And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
 Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
 And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
 Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
 Of gracious Heav'n, who love the human race,
 Angels and seraphs, who delight in goodness,
 Forlake your skies, and to her couch descend!
 There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
 That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
 With images celestial, such as please
 The bless'd above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secur'd.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood.
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
 His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
 In the most secret places of his garment:
 Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
 The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
 These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

*[Exit Anna.]**Enter Servants with the Prisoner.*

Pris. I know no more than does the child-unborn
 Of what you charge me with.

1st Serv. You say so, Sir!

But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.
 Behold the lady of Lord Randolph comes:
 Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter Lady Randolph and Anna.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude before
 You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame

Is now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Rand. Thou shalt behold me: with a desp'rate
heart

Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[*The prisoner kneels.*]

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and
mild!

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.

O save me, lady, from these cruel men

Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse

Me of intended murder! As I hope

For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heav'n,

The tender lamb that never nipt the grass,

Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Rand. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye
produce?

1st Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow gleam:

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he fled.

We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence,

And what he was: he said he came from far,

And was upon his journey to the camp.

Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his clothes,

And found those jewels, whose rich value plead

Most pow'rfully against him. Hard he seems,

And old in villany. Permit us to try

His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle lady, by your lord's dear life!

Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail,

And by your childrens welfare, spare my age!

Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,

And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady Rand. Account for these: thine own they can-
not be:

For these, I say, be steadfast to the truth;

Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the servants, and returns.*]

Pris. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,

For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!

Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Rand. O! Anna, hear!—Once more I charge
thee speak

The

The truth direct ; for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration ;
With which, if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to thee as just
As if you were the minister of Heav'n,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.—
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord ;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us ; there hard labour, and my skill
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof :
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd ; the person lost ;
But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,
A basket. Soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lord Rand. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady Rand. Inhuman that thou art !
How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd ?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady Rand. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much ;
This man has not the aspect of stern murder ;
Let him go on ; and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds as make the prosp'rous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady Rand. Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps
he lives!

Prif. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady Rand. O heav'nly pow'r! Did he then die so
lately?

Prif. I did not say he dy'd; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady Rand. Where is he now?

Prif. Alas! I know not where.

Lady Rand. Oh! fate, I fear thee still. Thou rid-
dler, speak

Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Prif. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide
From all the world this wonderful event,
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our estate,
We left the country, travel'd to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore,
For, one by one, all our own children dy'd,
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir
Of what, indeed, was his. Fain, then, would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,

But

But with the forward he was fierce as fire,
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
 I set myself against his warlike bent,
 But all in vain; for when a desp'rate band
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady Rand. Eternal Providence! what is thy name?

Pris. My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

Lady Rand. 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!
 O! sov'reign mercy! 'twas my child I saw!
 No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports:
 But yet remember that you are beheld
 By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
 Impassion'd strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady Rand. Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heav'n
 bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires!

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
 Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
 Thou art the daughter of my ancient master:
 The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady Rand. With thee dissimulation now were vain.
 I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
 The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Blest be the hour that made me a poor man!
 My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady Rand. Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost
 not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
 Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not, if a right
 Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our Barons was the flow'r;
 The latest friend, the best, the kindest master:
 But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
 After that battle where his gallant son,
 Your own brave brother, fell, the good old Lord
 Grew desp'rate and wreckless of the world;
 And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
 To overlook the conduct of his servants.
 By them I was thrust out, and them I blame.
 May Heav'n so judge me as I judge my master!
 And God so love me as I love his race!

Lady Rand. His race shall yet reward thee. On
 thy faith

Depends

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Remember'st thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs,

Lady Rand. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days:
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
Remember well my words: if thou shouldst meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I shall mar so fair a harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe,
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame
To find the youth to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear those jewels in his arms,
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth!

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the Servants.*]

Lady Rand. This man is not th'assassin you suspected,
Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Prisoner and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna, dost thou share my joy?
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings me to my son!
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For such a gift! — What does my Anna think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,

Spurn'd

Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
And tow'r'd up to the region of his fire!

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
Mysterious Nature, with the unseen cord
Of pow'rful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady Rand. The ready story of his birth believ'd
Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeness my so sudden favour.
But now I long to see his face again,
Examine ev'ry feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
But, most of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
To-day the Baron started at your tears.

Lady Rand. He did so, Anna! Well thy mistress
knows,

If the least circumstance more of offence
Should touch the Baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret, and consult with him;
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in nature's ease: his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash.

Anna. That dæmon haunts you still:
Behold Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:—
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Noble Dame,
The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed;
No band of pirates, but a mighty host
That come to settle where their valour conquers;
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady Rand. But whence comes this intelligence,
Glenalvon?

Glen. A nimble courier, sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me, as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed.

Lady Rand. How many mothers shall bewail their
sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!
Ye dames of Denmark! e'en for you I feel,
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th'unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers fate.
The monster, War, with her infernal brood,
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Rand. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
scorn;

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted Virtue
Against audacious Vice asserts herself.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt

Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,

And be the echo of thy martial fame.

No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:

Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory!

Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,

And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd

Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.

I am your convert; time will shew how truly:

Yet one immediate proof I mean to give:—

That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day

Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
And turn death from him with a guardian arm.

Lady Rand. Aft thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend:
But that's thy least reward. Believe me, fir,
The truly gen'rous is the truly wife;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Rand. and Anna.*]

Glen. Amen! and virtue is its own reward! —
I think that I have hit the very tone
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent!
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man
And woman also! flattery direct
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart.
How far I have succeeded now I know not,
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is lull'd a while: 'tis her alone I fear:
While she and Randolph live, and live in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt.
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Randolph.

SUMMON an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

Enter

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Rand. Alas, my lord ! I've heard unwelcome news :

The Danes are landed.

Lord Rand. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil :
No sportive war, no tournament essay
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And slain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed ; we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Rand. Dreadful times !

Lord Rand. The fenceless villages are all forsaken ;
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt tow'rs and castles, whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Rand. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish
host——

Lord Rand. Were it as num'rous as loud fame re-
ports,

An army knit like ours would pierce it thro' ;
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
And fond companions fill our warlike files ;
For his dear offspring and the wife he loves,
The husband and the fearless father arms.
In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Rand. Mens minds are temper'd, like thei
swords, for war ;

Where is our gallant guest ?

Lord Rand. Down in the vale
I left him managing a fiery steed,
Whose stubbornnets had foil'd the strength and skill
Of ev'ry rider. But behold he comes,
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Norval and Glenalvon.

Glenalvon ! with the lark arise ; go forth
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale :
Private I travel to the royal camp :
Norval, thou go'st with me. But say, young man,
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,

And in such terms as I o'erheard to day ?
 War is no village science, nor its phrase
 A language taught among the shepherd swains.

Norw. Small is the skill my lord delights to praise
 In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came,
 Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod;
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 An hermit liv'd, a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell;
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th'usurping infidel display'd
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters:
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm:
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Rand. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
 Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

Norw. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!
 Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
 The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
 Declar'd his name and lineage! Mighty pow'r!
 The soldier cry'd, My brother! Oh! my brother!

Lady Rand. His brother!

Norw. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother—they exchang'd forgiveness;
And happy, in my mind, was he that dy'd;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he flew.

Lady Rand. To what mysterious woes are mortals
born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

Norw. No; they were dead; kind Heav'n had clos'd
their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord Rand. Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame:
There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom;
Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these sounds?

[*Trumpets at a distance.*]

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn;
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord Rand. Mine ancient guest! does he the warriors
lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

Off. No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord Rand. Glenalvon, go;
With hospitality's most strong request
Intreat the chief.

[*Exit Glen.*]

Off. My lord, requests are vain;
He urges on impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach. [*Exit.*]

Lord Rand. May victory fit on the warrior's plume!
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd;

Yet foremost he into the plains descends,
 Eager to join in battles not his own.
 Such were the heroes of the ancient world:
 Contemners they of indolence and gain;
 But still for love of glory and of arms,
 Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
 Against each strong antagonist the spear.
 I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[Exit.

Lady Rand. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and
 pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
 Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?

Blest be the hour I left my father's house!
 I might have been a shepherd all my days,
 And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
 Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand:
 And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady Rand. There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast
 That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.—
 Since lucky chance has left us here alone,
 Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
 I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,
 That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
 And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
 These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady Rand. Know'st thou these gems?

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes,
 I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady Rand. Thy father's, say'st thou! ah! they
 were thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd
 Of both my parents whence such splendor came;
 But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady Rand. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's
 son.

Norv. Not Norval's son!

Lady Rand. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I then?

Lady Rand. Noble thou art,
 For noble was thy fire!

Norv. I will believe——

O! tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

Lady

Lady Rand. Douglas!

Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady Rand. His younger brother.

Norv. And in yonder camp?

Lady Rand. Alas!

Norv. You make me tremble——Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady Rand. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norv. Ah me, unhappy! ere I saw the light!
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady Rand. She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norv. You that are skill'd so well in this sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
On the offspring of the friends you lov'd,
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of Heav'n the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword——
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady Rand. Thy virtue ends her woe! My son! my son!

Norv. Art thou my mother?

Lady Rand. I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!
[Falls upon his neck.

Norv. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is my fate!

Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady Rand. Image of Douglas! fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy life, I pay to thee.

Norv. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.

Yet I was filial to my humble parents.—

But did my fire surpass the rest of men.

As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady Rand. Arise, my son: in me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admu'd;

The

The autumn of my days is come already;
 For sorrow made my summer haste away.
 Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father;
 His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
 Liked the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
 All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norv. How did he fall? Sare 'twas a bloody field
 When Douglas dy'd. O I have much to ask!

Lady Rand. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
 tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
 At present this—thou art the rightful heir
 Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
 Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
 But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the pow'r
 To right thee still: before the king I'll kneel,
 And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norv. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady Rand. But we shall need both friends and fa-
 vour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
 Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
 My tale will move each gentle heart to pity;
 My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norv. To be the son of Douglas is to me
 Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
 And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not know what perils and in-
 justice

Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!
 The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
 Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
 Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas!
 Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
 The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
 Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports,
 Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!
 Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before

DOUGLAS.

This casual opportunity arose
Of private conference. Its purport mark ;
For, as I there appoint, we meet again.
Leave me, my son, and frame thy manners still
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now,
That good old man ?

Lady Rand. At hand conceal'd he lies,
An useful witness. But beware, my son,
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norv. Has he indeed ? Then let yon false Glenalvon
Beware of me. [Exit.

Lady Rand. There burst the smother'd flame !
O ! thou all righteous and eternal King !
Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son ! — Thy inspiration, Lord,
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd ;
Set him on high, like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land !
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,
When I, by reason and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause !

Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord Rand. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Rand. Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd :
Arrange the bus'ness of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [Exit.

Lord Rand. 'Tis so, by Heav'n ! her mien, her voice,
her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen. He parted from her now. Behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Rand. Forlaid sequester'd virtue she's renown'd !

Glen. Most true, my lord.

Lord

Lord Rand. Yet this distinguish'd dame
 Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
 Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
 This assignation [*shows a letter*] the assassin freed.
 Her manifest affection for the youth
 Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded :—
 Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
 Whose heart he knows he has not, tho' she brings
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry ;
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
 Cold and contemplative, he cannot trust her :
 She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him ;
 The worst of sorrows and the worst of shames !

Glen. Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts ;
 But let the spirit of an husband sleep
 Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.
 This billet must to blooming Norval go :
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy ;
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.
 In the close thicket take your secret stand ;
 The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
 Of their behaviour.

Lord Rand. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay.
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
 The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind !
 And the proud cong'ror in triumph moves
 Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Rand. And what avails this maxim ?

Glen. Much, my lord !

Withdraw a little : I'll accost young Norval,
 And with ironical derisive counsel
 Explore his spirit. If he is no more
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me ;
 But if he be the fav'rite of the fair,
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
 He'll turn upon me as the lion turns
 Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord

Lord. Rand. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud draw near. But let my lord
His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit. Rand.*]

'Tis strange, by Heav'n!
That she should run full tilt her fond career
To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

[*Norv. appears.*]

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has Norval seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd,
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely, since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir, your martial
deeds

Have rank'd you with the great; but mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know the soldiers, counsel you:
Give them all honour; seem not to command,
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung pow'r,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accusom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind

Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my pow'r
With such contemptuous term?

Glen. I did not mean

To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norw. My pride?

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.

Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake

I will not leave you to its rash direction.

If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,

Think you they will endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norw. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes. If you presume

To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,

What will become of you?

Norw. If this were told——

[*Aside.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norw. Didst thou not hear!

Glen. Unwillingly I did: a nobler foe

Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norw. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norw. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar boy;

At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norw. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell
Is the vainglorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norw. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile: but as I am,

I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval

Is of a race that strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,

And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,

I'd tell thee what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norw. Villain, no more:

Draw and defend thy life. I did design

To have defy'd thee in another cause;

But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.

Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Rand. Hold, I command you both. The man
that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly founded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wond'rous conde-
scending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety.

[Sheaths his sword.]

Lord Rand. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I'll judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.

I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land

I owe a subject's homage; but e'en him

And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord;

Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go

Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord Rand. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial
voice!

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.

Suspend your purpose till your country's arms

Repel the bold invader; then decide

The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord Rand. We come

[Exit Randolph and Servant.]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour.

Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.

Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate

Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;

D

Nor

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norw. Think not so lightly, fir, of my repentment?
When we contend again, our strife is mortal. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Wood.*

Enter Douglas.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove,
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves:
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old Norval.

Norw. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
hence?

His just reproach I fear. [*Douglas turns and sees him.*
Forgive, Forgive.

Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Kneel not to me; thou art my father still!
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me: my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Norw. And dost thou call me father? O, my son,
I think that I could die to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee! 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,

I learn'd

I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
 When I inhabit yonder lofty tow'rs.
 I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
 The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
 Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
 Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
 And those unfriendly tow'rs.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Norv. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your
 life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Norv. I will inform you how.

When ev'ning came I left the secret place
 Appointed for me by your mother's care,
 And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
 That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd
 I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
 Of earnest voices. On the persons came;
 Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
 Each other as they talk'd. Lord Randolph this,
 And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
 And of the lady: threat'ning was their speech,
 Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
 'Twas strange they said, a wonderful discovery I
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Norv. For being what you are,
 Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
 When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
 And there sat musing how I best might find
 Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
 But I could think of none: at last, perplex'd,
 I issued forth, encompassing the tow'r
 With many a weary step and wishful look.
 Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;
 But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
 In our encounter with the vile assassins
 I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

Norv. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place
I wait my mother's coming : she shall know
What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow :
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart ; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Norw. My blessing rest upon thee ;
O may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;
Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine ! [Exit.]

Doug. He loves me like a parent ;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
Although his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !
Once on the cold and winter shad'd side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil :
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars ! high Heav'n's resplendent host !
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host !
Before he speaks it out I will accept ;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Rand. My son ! I heard a voice —

Doug. The voice was mine.

Lady Rand. Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's
ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet ?

[Embracing him.]

Doug. No ; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady Rand. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady

Lady Rand. My heart forbodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good.

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes nam'd.
'Twas strange they said, a wonderful discovery!
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Rand. Defend us, gracious God; we are be-
tray'd!

They have found out the secret of thy birth:
It must be so. That's the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And they will be revenged! Perhaps e'en now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together;
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread,
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or piety,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady Rand. O Nature, Nature! what can check thy
force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction; save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain. I know not
That winding path conducts thee to a river,
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas:
Shew him these jewels which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me, and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay,
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read

Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two, no more; let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part:—
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets:
To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long-lost hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you com-
fort?

The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders heads I'll prove my birth,
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if the lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady Rand. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain:

[*Embracing.*]

And, as high Heav'n bath will'd it, all must be.

[*Separate.*]

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path:
I'll point it out again.

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the wood
Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.*]

Lord Rand. Not in her presence.—

Now—

Glen.

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord Rand. No; I command thee stay.
I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man,
The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

[Exit.

[Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens, and speaks.]

Glen. Dæmons of death, come settle on my sword,
And to a double slaughter guide it home!
The lover and the husband both must die.

[Lord Randolph behind the scenes.]

Lord Rand. Draw, villain! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [Clashing of swords,

Glen. [running out] Now is the time.

[Enter Lady Randolph at the opposite side of the stage, faint and breathless.]

Lady Rand. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
thine own:

But spare, O spare my son!

Enter Douglas, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.

Lady Rand. He lives, he lives:
For this, for this to Heav'n eternal praise!—
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me;—but I slew him.

Lady Rand. Behind thee! ah! thou'rt wounded! O
my child,

How pale thou look'st! And shall I lose thee now?

Doug. Do not despair! I feel a little faintness;
I hope it will not last. [Leans upon his sword.

Lady Rand. There is no hope!
And we must part! the hand of Death is on thee!
O my beloved child! O Douglas! Douglas!

[Douglas growing more and more faint.

Doug. Too soon we part. I have not long been
Douglas
O Destiny! hardly thou dealest with me!

Clouded

Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady Rand. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end
like this?

Doug. O had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with great effort the tide of battle,
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady Rand. Hear Justice! hear! stretch thy aveng-
ing arm! [*Douglas falls.*]

Doug. Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame!
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady Rand. Despair! despair!

Doug. O had it pleas'd high Heav'n to let me live
A little while!—My eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother——Oh, my mother!

[*Dies.*]

Enter Lord Randolph and Anna.

Lord Rand. Thy words, the words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart.

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.

Oh! if my brave deliverer survives

The traitor's sword——

Anna. Alas! look there, my lord.

Lord Rand. The mother and her son! How curst I
am!

Was I the cause? No; I was not the cause.

Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul

To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My lady lives:

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd

A while her pow'rs.

Lord Rand. But my deliverer's dead!

[*Lady Randolph recovering.*]

Lady Rand. Where am I now? still in this wretched
world?

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

Lord Rand. O misery!

Amidst

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady Rand. Thy innocence!

Lord Rand. My guilt.

Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady Rand. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee or any thing? My son! my son!

My beautiful! my brave! how fond was I
Of thee and of thy valour! My proud heart

O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,

Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name.

Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!

What am I now?—I know———But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son

And such a husband drive me to my fate, [Run out.

Lord Rand. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.

[Exit Anna.

Enter Old Norval.

Nor. I heard the voice of woe; Heav'n guard my
child!

Lord Rand. Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.
Be gone.

Norv. I fear thee not. I will not go.

Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help

To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.

O noblest youth that ever yet was born!

Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,

That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,

Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise

Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!

Yet never was by all thy virtues won

To do thee justice and reveal the secret

Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above

The villain's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now!

These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

[Throws himself upon the body of Douglas.

Lord

Lord Rand. I know thee now; for thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward altho' I cannot punish.
Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon dy'd.

Enter Anna.

Anna. My Lord! my lord!

Lord Rand. Speak; I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Rand. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more;

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill;
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Beneath whose lowering top the river falls,
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks; thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down—

Lord Rand. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. O had you seen her last despairing look!
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her head
Down on the deep; then lifting up her eyes
And her white hands to heav'n, seeming to say,
"Why am I forc'd to this?" she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord Rand. I will not vent
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy;
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave.
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my pow'r. Let ev'ry rite
With cost and pomp upon their fun'rals wait;
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE END.

EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue I ask'd ; but not one word
Our bard will write : he vows 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, That pity is the best,
The noblest passion of the human breast ;
For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe ;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow ;
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.—
These were his words. Void of delusive art
I felt them ; for he spoke them from his heart,
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.

EPITOGUE

And Epitome I call it; but not one word
 Our hand will write: the waves its most admired
 With curls wet to compass'd the strain
 Of tragedy, and now and then a vein
 Sadly be left, The noblest part
 The noblest part, The noblest part
 For which its heart's effort
 To guide's pleasure, side of war;
 And when we were young, like those of old,
 They leave behind them such a golden soil.
 That since the spirit without culture grow;
 There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
 These were a waste, 'Tis of desire are
 I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
 Nor will I now attempt, with vanity,
 To chase away celestial melancholy.

